

THERESA'S MISTAKE.



LOUIS VAN DEUSEN was a clerk in the dry-goods store of Pelke & Van Dyke. Since, Ontario, Louis was extremely bashful.

Louis was in love, though he had not declared, nor did he ever expect to declare his love even to the lady's mother. For the mother of his fair Theresa was the wife of the wealthiest and most aristocratic man in the village.

No wonder the poor clerk's heart thumped away unnaturally, or that a blush, red as a pomegranate, mounted to his cheeks every time he met her. Louis never waited on Theresa when she came to the store on those little shopping excursions which women are so fond of making. He always contrived just then to be very busy, and Mr. Lyman Van Dyke was never displeased that he was left to wait on the lovely Miss Theresa Downs herself.

Mr. Van Dyke was a tall, lank, sharp-featured man of forty-five, though he never acknowledged himself over the age.

After a while the calls of Theresa at the store became much less frequent than formerly, but Mr. Van Dyke was perfectly charmed with her whenever she came. She was so much more gracious to him than was her wont, while she only gave Louis a formal bow in place of the friendly smile and pleasant word she had always given him.

Louis began to be bitterly jealous of his employer. Theresa could not be his, he never had for a moment thought of any one else claiming.

At length Mr. Van Dyke began to think it was about time he proposed. Still, notwithstanding his mature age, he felt decidedly green and very awkward every time he thought about it. At length he decided that the easiest and most systematic way would be to write his passion a glowing rhyme, setting forth his chimeric in loving rhyme. But rhyming was not Mr. Van Dyke's forte, and he could produce nothing that sounded exactly right. So, after wasting half a paper, he was forced to give up the idea of poetry and confine himself to the plainest prose.

He wrote a very moderate letter, as though he hardly dared hope for a favorable answer. He did not wish her to know that he considered her love as already won. He concluded his letter by telling her that he would call that evening at six to receive her answer and ask her of her father. Instead of signing his name in full, he was ruled by a boyish notion that initials were the thing for a love letter, so he wrote: "Your faithful admirer, L. Van D."

He sent the letter by an errand-boy, who, as he was not told to wait for an answer, soon returned.

In about an hour and just as Louis was going out for his dinner, a little errand in the employ of Mr. Downs entered and handed him a letter enclosed in a dainty white envelope.

Mr. Van Dyke caught sight of the delicate handwriting on the back and rushed out after the boy calling, hastily after him.

"Say, young rascal, didn't you make a mistake? Weren't you told to give that to me?"

"Not much, I reckon. No, I wasn't, answered the boy, defiantly, as he plunged around the corner.

"Anything startling, Van Dusen?" asked Mr. Van Dyke, as he came in.

"I didn't say I should come at this time to receive your answer to the question I asked you in my letter? You got that, I suppose?"

"No, I certainly did not."

"What! Didn't get the letter I sent by Willie Day? What became of it, then? I should be glad to know. Well, if you didn't get it, I shall have to repeat what was in it."

Here the merchant attempted to take Theresa's hand, but she with drew toward Louis, exclaiming:

"He did not write that letter, did he, Louis? Oh, tell me I have not made a terrible mistake!"

Her distress and beseeching gaze disarmed Louis' bashfulness like magic. He sprang to her side and supported her sinking form while he whispered tenderly:

"I did not write the letter, Theresa, though I can say all that was in it, and in my love from my heart."

"What? So you thought this precious fellow wrote that letter, did you? Well, I shall just inform you. I never have written that letter, and I guess your poverty-stricken head will not be walking papers."

Mr. Van Dyke walked away to the house, looking back once to see Theresa sitting on the bank, with her hands over her face and Louis kneeling over and trying to soothe her.

Mr. Downs listened to the deep-pitched voice of the girl and then he crossed all his legs and spoke by way of a soliloquy:

"Well, Louis is a worthy young man. He is poor, I know, but I can establish him in business and set up my only child for myself. There is my only child and I regard her happiness as more important than wealth."

In the time there was a quiet well-bred girl, Louis and Theresa were united, and Mr. Van Dyke, with a wife of his own leaning on his arm, was among the first to congratulate the happy pair.

By the invention of a woman threads are now cut on watch screws that are finer than a human hair.

member what was wanted, she usually wrote it down on a slip of paper. Whenever this was given into the hands of Louis he preserved it as something precious. He spread them out and compared the chronography with that of the letter. The writing was the same.

"How can it be?" he said to himself. "She so beautiful and rich, accomplished and admired, and I only a poor clerk and far from being handsome."

At half-past five he found himself trembling from head to foot like a schoolboy in dread of a flogging. The time had come for action. At six she would expect him, and yet he lingered at the store, uncertain after all whether he had better go or not. But after he had better go or not. But after he had better go or not.

As he entered the gate that led to Mr. Downs' residence, he glanced around furtively, fearful even then that he was being made the victim of a practical joke, whose perpetrators might be lurking near to witness their triumph. He rang the bell and was informed that Miss Downs was in the garden, but would be in shortly.

"If I see her in the garden," thought Louis, "I shall not have to meet any of her family."

He walked down the box-bordered garden walk, shivering as if in an ague-fit, while the thumping of his heart against his ribs increased with every step. Following a curve in the walk, he came upon Theresa. She was seated upon a mossy bank, arranging some flowers in a bouquet. Her hat was lying on the grass, leaving her auburn hair, which fell in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, to be tossed about by the breeze.

Theresa was beautiful, and involuntarily Louis paused to admire the queenly poise of the head, the graceful ease of the maiden's attitude, and the symmetrical curve of the instep that peeped from under her modest dress.

She saw him in a moment, possibly made aware of his presence by the furious beating of his heart. At least he thought she must hear it, and it made him blush deeper than ever.

"Good-evening, Mr. Van Dusen," said Theresa, rising, and blushing prettily as she picked up her hat. "I did not know it was so late. I must have been here a long time."

Why did she not call on Louis, as she did in the letter, he wondered. His knees felt extremely weak as he articulated, feebly:

"Will you sit down again, Miss Downs? I want to talk with you."

Theresa resumed her seat, and Louis ventured to take one too, though, unlover-like, he selected one several feet from the lady, where a cluster of bushes might hold its friendly leaves between them.

Louis pulled up all the grass within his reach, ground the heel of his boot into the sward, and piled bits of stone into the hole; but not a word did he speak. Presently footsteps were heard coming down the walk, and Louis peered around to see the tall form of Mr. Van Dyke approaching.

He passed Louis without observing him, and stood beside Theresa.

"I thought I should find my pretty girl in the garden," said he, bowing and smiling, while Theresa looked up wonderingly. "But my dear, shouldn't you have been in the house, to receive me when I came? We business men are very punctual. I saw your father and obtained his consent."

"What do you mean? I do not comprehend," answered Theresa, with dignity.

"Didn't I say I should come at this time to receive your answer to the question I asked you in my letter? You got that, I suppose?"

"No, I certainly did not."

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LIMIT IS REACHED.

The End of Searching for Ancestors Must Be Checked.

It must be admitted on common-sense principles that the formation of hereditary societies has reached a natural limit, and it is time to cry a halt, says Harper's Bazar. The reasonable conclusion is that these societies should unite in work, if not in organization, and justify their existence by practical deeds. The end, however, is apparently not yet; the ancestor quest drives its followers to absurd lengths. Forefathers conjured up rise from the genealogical caldron in a sort of harlequin procession—the ancestor in buff and blue, the ancestor in scarlet tunic, the bewigged ancestor, the jack-booted ancestor, until from the dim twilight of heraldic tradition the crowned ancestor looms up in the shadow. Is there not something decidedly incongruous in the spectacle of descendants of those who bade defiance to the third George of the name seeking to establish kinship with royalty through Saxon chief or Norman freebooter? Does not the latest departure tend to prove that ancestor-hunting has no limit, that it is simply a question of enterprise, research and credulity? If we may establish the Order of the Crown, why may we not in due course welcome a new hereditary society, lineal descendants of the mariners of the Ark, the Ararat chapter, with proper insignia—suspended from a navy-blue ribbon?

Rosebery's Unbridled Tongue.

Lord Rosebery, in the opinion of the London World, has never been able to rid himself of a certain giddy rill of levity that is constantly making him say things he did not intend and which he has to unsway the next day. It adds, "he is like Burke, tongue with a garnish of brains; the proportion of the tongue and the brains in the two cases is very different."

Intemperance.

The great evil of intoxicating drink is now acknowledged by all the organs of public opinion, for it is established beyond legitimate question that it undermines the health, enfeebls the mind, separates the husband and wife and sometimes wrecks entire families. —E. M. Griffin.

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- 25 pieces Medina Organdi D'Artigan Carreus Organde and Satin Dimity, regular 10c, this week 8 1-3c
- 15 pieces Medina Organdie and Royal Irish Dimity, regular 12 1/2c, this week 10c
- 10 pieces fine French Dimity, regular 15c, this week 12 1-2c
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- Men's Shoes, different styles, regular \$2. - this week \$1.79
- Men's calf Shoes, chocolate and black, regular \$2.50, this week \$2.20
- Men's vici kid and colt skin, a comfortable Shoe, regular \$3, this week \$2.69
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- Extra fine quality calf tan shoes, cheap at \$4, this week \$3.65

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- 15c figured and striped, this week 12c
- 18c figured and striped, this week 14c

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